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MORALS, MANNERS, FASHION, AND AMUSEMENTS.

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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

An History of Muhammedanism; comprising the Life and Character of the Arabian Prophet, and succinct Accounts of the Empires founded by the Muhammedan Arms. An Inquiry into the Theology, Morality, Laws, Literature, and Usages of the Musselmans: and a View of the present State and Extent of the Muhammedan Religion. By Charles Mills, Esq. Second Edition. pp. 490. London. 1818.

No wars have been so sanguinary as those which have been undertaken for the purpose of propagating opinions. The Saracens in the seventh century, and the late French republicans, are memorable instances of this truth. Each people addressed the world: one that they wished to deliver it from religious errors; the other from mental and political bondage. Both nations violated the common rule of conquerors; namely, that of overthrowing one enemy before another is attacked. They invaded several countries at the same time, and their efforts were alike rapid and decisive. The character of horror has been more strongly stamped on religious wars, than on wars of mere national aggrandizement, because religion is the most powerful of all springs of actions; it affects the whole of a people, and the soldiers fight as proselytes, not as mercenaries. Neither does enthusiasm exclude ambition. These two powerful passions require the same temper of soul. "Few of the Saracens were altogether so mad as not to be great rogues: for, as Jortin says, the qualities of knave and fanatic go very lovingly together."—Page 50, note.

Actions are only interesting in the degree that they are illustrative of human character: and from the same principle, the contemplation of the issues of battles and sieges is a more useful employment than the fixing of the mind upon the details themselves. Those details are often monotonous, while the consequences are diversified. Nations may lose the fruits of their victories; but the glory of the conquest is independent of accident, and will

survive subsequent misfortunes. Thus the Arabs lost the territories which their valour and enthusiasm had won; but the religion which they introduced has influenced the world for twelve centuries. The Persians became a powerful military people, and the worship of fire was abolished. Islamism contended with Fo and the Grand Lama in China and Tartary; and the votaries of Brahma summoned all their pride and all their minute orthodoxy to resist innovation. The people of Asia easily accommodated themselves to the laws of Muhammed; for those laws were in general accordance with received opinions. The doctrines of the Arabian Prophet respecting angels and Paradise were old ideas in Persia and India, though he gave them shape, consistency, and importance. Ablutions have been enjoined by every Asiatic lawgiver; and monkish austerity, as well as voluptuousness, arose in the East. There was nothing new in circumcision: pilgrimages are common to all religions, for they spring from a principle of human nature of universal influence. Wine is prohibited, and polygamy allowed in the Moslem code; but the Egyptians and Persians had prohibited wine long before the time of Muhammed, and polygamy has been always the great characteristic of Oriental society. Muhammed enlightened part of the world by his sublime ideas on the attributes of God; but his religion possessed the chief vice of Asiatic systems; namely, the junction of the theological, moral, and legal code. The tendency of human nature to improvement is, therefore, as much checked in the Moslem as in the Brahminical religion. Divinity, and, consequently, eternity, are thought to belong to every institution of social life; to every old opinion, every long established custom. Impiety would attach to the man who suggested any improvement. Invention and experience are useless, and the mind sinks into oscitancy.

If Islamism be compared with other false religions, its chief excellence will appear to consist in the abolition of sacrifice. Human and bestial victims are not offered at the shrine of the Moslem's god. Prayer, and not sacri-

ficial oblations, is the mode of earth communicating with heaven:—

"Prayer to the object of their faith is the most important practical duty of the Musselmans. 'Glorify God,' saith the Koran, 'when the evening overtaketh you, and when you rise in the morning; and unto him be praise in heaven and in earth, and at sunset, and when you rest at noon.' Prayer is pronounced in the Koran to be the pillar of religion,—the key of Paradise. Nothing is more virtuous than to repeat the praises of God, and to declare his unity and greatness. Five times in the course of every day,—in the morning, before sunrise, directly after mid-day, immediately before sunset, in the evening after sunset, and again some time between that period and midnight, the cries from the menarets, or summits of the mosques, are commanded to proclaim to the people, in the very words which Muhammed spoke when he entered Medina, that the hour of prayer is arrived. The Musselman, whether he be at home or in the public walks, (for every place applied to the service of God is equally pure,) is, in a brief but earnest supplicatory address, to pour forth his soul to heaven. His attention is not exhausted by the length of his prayers; and the few words of that petition, which is accounted most efficacious, are strongly expressive of self-abasement, of praise to God, and of reliance on his mercy. Various ceremonies are prescribed for the due performance of the rite; but the doctors of the mosque with truth maintain, that it is to the devotional state of the heart, and not merely to the attitude of the body, that the Searcher of spirits looks. One of these ceremonies is in congeniality with a religious feeling of universal influence,—a feeling indicative of the devotional nature of man, and of the difficulty to practise a perfectly spiritual mode of worship. When the Persian turns his face to the East, which he considers to be peculiarly sacred to the sun, and the Sabeen beholds, to use the beautiful language of Job, 'the moon walking in brightness,' or directs his eye to the northern star, the view of the objects of their worship kindles the fire of devotion, and checks the wanderings of their fancy. To the holy city of Jerusalem the Jews constantly looked in the hour of prayer; and to the temple of Mecca every follower of Muhammed, in the seasons of adoration, religiously turns his eye. In imitation of the old Jewish custom, or rather in consonance with the general feeling of the Asiatics against all indiscriminate intercourse between the sexes, women are prohibited from attending the service of the mosque in the presence of men," pp. 305—307.

Human nature has been vindicated

in another great respect by the Muhammedans. In all the countries where Islamism has prevailed, infanticide has been abolished. When the inhuman Chinese deserted their children, the Moslems received them and educated them in "the true faith."

No part of Mr. Gibbon's exposition of the Roman law is more correct and elegant, than Mr. Mills' remarks on the practice of nations in the case of infanticide:—

"Infanticide has been correctly termed the prevailing and stubborn vice of antiquity. The Egyptians and Thebans were perhaps the only people who carried not to this abominable excess their exercise of parental power. Solon permitted it to the Athenians. The moralist, whom a great statesman* has honoured with the title of 'inimitable,' mentions, in more than one place in his moral works, the act with complacency; and the theoretically virtuous Seneca coolly speaks of the destruction of deformed and imperfect children among other proper sacrifices. The Roman republicans exposed their infants without sin or shame. As manners became refined, the Pompeian law prohibited the mother from destroying her children, and the father's prerogative was terminated by the Theodosian code. Before the days of Muhammed, the birth of a female child was accounted by the Arabs a misfortune, and the feelings of the father were not shocked by inhuming his daughter alive. Muhammed is eloquent and energetic against the barbarous practice; and, with all the collected authority of a divine, a moralist, and a legislator, he commands the preservation of all children that may be born. The Muhammedan doctors have adopted their master's spirit of humanity, and declared it to be a moral duty to preserve the life of a foundling likely to perish. The infant becomes free; for, say the Orientalists, freedom is a quality originally inherent in man: his maintenance is defrayed from the public treasury; and if he die without heirs, the public enjoy his estate. A foundling, discovered by a tributary infidel in a Musselman territory, must be educated in Islamism; but if in an infidel village, church, or synagogue, he cannot enjoy that privilege," pp. 352—354.

If the great excellence of Muhammedanism be its abolition of idolatry, its fundamental evil is intolerance. The world was offered the alternative of conversion or tribute. Islamism was propagated by force, not by persuasion; and though the Koran was in one hand, the sword was in the other. The principle of intolerance has been applied to domestic as well as to foreign cases; for

"No wars which ever desolated the Christian world have caused half the bloodshed and woe, or been so strongly stamped with the character of implacable animosity, as have the political and religious controversies of Muhammedan sectaries. The

history of every age of the Hegira teems with details of horror," &c. &c. p. 374.

If false religions have ever been adorned with the virtue of toleration, as the enemies of Christianity have been so anxious to prove, the reason must be looked for, not in the nature of those religions, but in the political circumstances of countries. Whether the people worshipped one god, or one thousand gods, the purity or deformity of their theology has not regulated the tone of their charity. The Brahmin is tolerant, because the fabric of Hindoo society is preserved by the division of people into casts, and he needs no other principle for the preservation of social order. But the assertion is for the most part false, that toleration and Paganism go hand in hand. The Athenians punished with death such persons as introduced foreign deities. Some of the wisest philosophers were persecuted for having written or spoken against the gods of their country; and even the tears and eloquence of Pericles could scarcely save the beautiful and inquisitive Aspasia from the religious prejudices of the people. The maxim of the Roman law was, "Deos peregrinos ne colunto." In the freest days of the republic, this maxim was acted upon; and even when letters had polished the Roman mind, Mæcenas warned Augustus against those who wished to introduce into the empire other gods than those of the state. "Punish such persons," he says, "not only for the sake of the gods, but because they who introduce new deities excite others to make changes in civil affairs." Suetonius tells us, (vit. Aug. cap. 35,) that Augustus founded a law on this principle. The Egyptian superstitions were proscribed, the Jews were banished; and we know that even Trajan and Marcus Aurelius persecuted the Christians.

The arms of the Moslems did not only change the religion of the East, and give a martial character to a nerveless people; they changed the literature and language also. Mr. Mills is very full on that part of the *belles lettres* which relates to the learning and sciences of the Saracens, and it is the most elegantly written part of his book. There cannot, we think, be a more lasting proof of the conquests of the Saracens, than the widely extended influence of their tongue. If a traveller be conversant with the language of the Koran, he can communicate with people from the Cape of Good Hope to the desert of Issim in Tartary. On the conquest of Persia by the Saracens, thousands of Arabic words became in-

corporated with the Persian tongue. The numerous vernacular idioms of India have all a mixture of Arabic terms; and, in fact, wherever the sword of the Moslems has penetrated, from the Pyrenees to the Ganges, it has left traces of its victories, more durable than columns or monumental inscriptions. Many of the forensic words in Europe have been taken from the Roman law, because that law has been silently or studiously transfused into the domestic institutions of Europe. The Saracenian conquests in Italy and Spain have left an impression on our military language. The word arsenal comes from the Arabic word "darcenaa." Magazine, admiral, and many others, have the same origin. The etymologists of the Italian and Spanish languages well know the obligations of the subject of their studies to the Arabic tongue. On the revival of letters in Italy, the works of Aristotle were translated into the vernacular idiom, as well from the Arabic as the Greek: and the Italian writers of those days so frequently quote Arabic, that it is evident that language was well understood:—

"The decree of the Caliph Walid, for the use of the Arabic language throughout the Muhammedan world, has been already mentioned. From the Indian Archipelago to Portugal it became the language of religion, of literature, of government, and generally of common life. The Syriac and Coptic dialects ceased to be spoken; and the devout Moslems of every country of Asia cherished the language of the new religion. The Greek tongue was no longer that of the government in the Grecian provinces conquered by the Saracens; and though it had been corrupted by the Latin followers of Constantine, (he preserved it as the language of state); and was afterwards still further injured by the various people who went to Constantinople in the time of the Crusades: yet the capture of that city by the Turks was the principal event that caused the creation of the Romeika, or modern Greek. In the north of Africa the Arabic language became universally spoken, and every vernacular idiom was saturated with the idiom of the Koran. The Romans were equally sensible with the Saracens of the important influence of language over national habits of thinking. But in their eastern conquests, the republicans established not so fully the use of the Latin tongue as in the western. A generous, enthusiastic love of letters made the Romans respect the idiom of Greece, and it was spoken in common life. In the proud days of the republic, the language of Rome was that of the government, even in the Grecian and Asiatic colonies: and Cicero, in his visit to Sicily, was reprehended by the prætor for speaking Greek in the Sicilian senate. The charge was a ridiculous one, in the peculiar circumstances of the case; but it exhibits the popular feelings. The people of Gaul, Spain, Africa, and other western provinces, had no arts or letters to attract the respect

* Lord Grenville.

of their conquerors; and they accepted the civilization and refinement, which the Romans always gave in exchange for freedom. The Latin language did not cease to be spoken in Italy till after the seventh century; for Gregory the Great, who flourished in that age, preached popular discourses in Latin. The continued existence of the Roman language after the power of the Romans was destroyed, is not wonderful; when we consider that the barbarian invaders of Italy had long been allied to the Romans, and respected their manners and institutions."—pp. 400, 401.

The Latin language was advanced in France by the preachers of the gospel. They preached in Latin because they were members of the Roman state, and Gaul was a colony of Rome. In the third century the great Francic association was formed, and the people of the north-west of Germany crossed the Rhine into Gaul. The kingdom of modern France then arose, and the Merovingian princes conquered all Gaul and Germany. By these events the German and French people intermixed, Tudesque words were introduced, and the Roman or Rustic language was begun. Of this language, the Latin was the foundation. Charlemagne endeavoured to restore the purity of the Latin tongue. He succeeded in making it the language of letters in the various schools which he established; but he could not change the popular dialect; and, accordingly, when the Francic empire was divided between his sons, the oaths which they took to each other were in the Roman language. We cannot at present trace the subject further; but we think, that any person conversant with antiquities and etymology might make as pleasing a dissertation on the influence of conquest on language, as John David Michaelis did on the influence of language on opinion, and of opinion on language. His essay won a prize in the Royal Academy at Berlin. The hint should be taken by the literary institutions of other countries. The influence of commerce on language should also be regarded. The English tongue is, in these days, as much the language of commerce as the Greek was formerly: and we know, that even in the height of Roman power, the Greek language was spoken in the maritime towns of Italy and France, as well as in those of Asia.

In the greatest part of the first half of the work now under review, Mr. Mills is little more than an epitomiser of the labours of others. There are, however, some scintillations of talent, and, on the whole, the task is not badly executed. The errors are rather those of neglect than of commission; and were we not afraid, in these days of verbosity,

to condemn an author for brevity, we would say, that the historical part of Muhammedanism is compressed within narrower bounds than is due to the extent of the subject. In investigating the causes which led to the downfall of the Saracenian power, our author should have looked at other countries as well as Asia; and he would not have found the Abbé Raynal's expression too strong, that the discovery of the passage by the Cape was as valuable in a political as in a commercial point of view, and that it saved the liberties of Europe.

In the last half of his book Mr. Mills assumes the character of an original writer, and shows a considerable share of learning, reflection, judgment, and taste. The world is now in possession of an easy introduction to the religion, morality, laws, and customs of one hundred and seventy millions of the human species. The account of the present state of Islamism contains many interesting views of human nature, and accurate portraits of character. On contemplating these scenes, we feel grateful to the Author of all good for the blessings of religious truth; and we may take up the words of a master of oriental history, Mr. Owen,—“Christianity vindicates all its glories, all its honours, and all its reverence, when we behold the most horrid impieties committed, amongst the nations on whom its influence does not shine, as actions necessary in the common course of life: I mean poisoning, treachery, and assassination, among the sons of ambition; rapine, cruelty, and extortion, among the ministers of justice. I leave to divines, by more sanctified reflections, to vindicate the cause of their religion and their God.”

The First Principles of Algebra: designed for the Use of Students. By T. W. C. Edwards, M. A. Crown 8vo. London. 1818.

THE study of the mathematics is one of the most useful parts of a liberal education, since it not only strengthens and refines the powers of reason, but imparts a habit of patient research, a love of truth, a correct and perspicuous mode of collecting, arranging, and expressing our ideas, and a laudable desire to arraign at the bar of demonstration whatever can be demonstrated.

The shortest definition, perhaps, that can be given of the mathematics is, that they are *that* branch of human knowledge whereof the object is number and extension. Now the science of number is properly denominated *arithmetic*, and that of extension, *geometry*. Arithmetic

and geometry, therefore, constitute the whole circle of the mathematics.

Arithmetic and geometry, however, are both very limited without *ALGEBRA*, which is their perfection and consummation.

A letter of the alphabet is made to represent a quantity, be it *number* or *magnitude*, and by connecting with this letter a sign, the affection or direction of the quantity it expresses is stenographically designated.

The brilliant discoveries that have been made in geometry, philosophy, astronomy, &c. &c. by means of algebra, and the facility with which this art enables the mathematician to solve the most intricate problems, are themes that at once astonish and gratify the mind.

We own, indeed, that at first sight, algebra appears fraught with considerable difficulty, and that many a promising youth is deterred from prosecuting a study, actually lovely in itself, and essential to the individual and to society, by the gloom that naturally envelopes the entrance to the abstract sciences, and which most writers in endeavouring to dispel have deepened.

This volume consists of one hundred and seventy pages of beautiful letter, the clearest imaginable, printed on a fine crown post paper, and hot-pressed.

The reader is introduced to the work by a short and modest, yet comprehensive and elegant, advertisement, in which the *binomial theorem*, and the doctrine of *imaginary quantities*, are most justly said to be now luminously explained.

The definition Mr. Edwards gives of *ALGEBRA*, and with which his treatise begins, is as follows:—

“The method of denoting either magnitude or number by one or more letters of the alphabet, and of expressing by *signs* instead of *words* the affection, connexion, and mutual relaxation of quantities, is termed *ALGEBRA*.”

In treating of the signs employed by algebraists, and of the terms used in algebra, this author is peculiarly lucid; always sufficiently ample without being redundant, and sufficiently concise without being defective. Nor can we enough praise the numerous examples in *notation* and *values*, unique of their kind; nor the beautiful treatise on *VINCULA*, which had heretofore so much puzzled the beginner.

The first four rules of the science are likewise very fine, evincing a masterly hand; and the seventeen pages on fractions are unrivalled.

But when we come to *INVOLUTION*, the treat is grand in the extreme. Never were *roots* and *powers* of all

descriptions so magically handled—never before had fractions and negative powers assumed a form so simple.

SURDS, too, have in this small volume been put in a more tangible shape, and rendered intelligible to the most ordinary capacity.

IMAGINARY QUANTITIES will be found discussed in two pages with the greatest ability: and nothing was ever nobler than the whole of proportion, progression, logarithms, combinations, permutation, and variation.

We come now to the *method of equations*, which is in perfect unison with the rest of the book, unless in this part it surpasses itself. At no time had we seen *analysis* more judiciously managed, or with more precision and neatness of operation.

At the end of this elegant and truly classical compendium are two hundred and seven promiscuous questions for the exercise of the student, independent of the many appropriate examples for illustration and practice, wherewith the whole work is richly interspersed.

We observe that there is announced, as in the press, by the same Author, "A Treatise on the Greek and Latin Prosodies;" "A Course of Lecture on Chemistry;" and "A Dissertation on Fluxions."

Original Correspondence.

FURTHER ACCOUNT OF KIRKSTALL ABBEY, AND FULNECK, YORKSHIRE.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—In your Journal of the 15th of June, some observations were made on a Tour through Yorkshire, on the beauties of Kirkstall Abbey, &c. near Leeds, which were so congenial to my own feelings on a similar excursion with a friend, in which fortune placed me by the side of a most sensible and interesting lady, in a York stage, directing my attention to the surrounding country, that I trust you will oblige me by the insertion of a few of those thoughts then hastily thrown together, which I am sensible can have no claim to literary attention, further than as pointing out the beauties of a place not perhaps generally known to your readers, and the simplicity of a community we should all imitate; I mean that of a Moravian settlement, called Fulneck. To enter into the history of these people would be presumption, while it has been so ably written on by Busching, and in "Crantz's History of the Brethren," and as being foreign to the intention of this letter: it is enough to say, that I believe they consider themselves as spiritually joined in Christian love to all who are taught of God, and belong to the universal church of Christ. The distance to this place is about seven miles from Leeds, and the road is of the worst description; yet Kirkstall Abbey, which you pass, amply repays the unpleasantness and difficulty. Permit me to say a few words on that

venerable building, and the romantic spot it is placed in, which cannot be done in more simple and descriptive language than from the history of Rippon:—"I left my horse at a stile, and passing over it, came down by a gentle descent to these awful ruins, which were enough to melt the most hardened heart into the softest and most serious reflections, to think where once the humble knees were bent, to seek Omnipotence in ancient form, it should now have a worse fate than other like venerable buildings, happily applied to the purest and most orthodox religion. The stately gate, north-west of the abbey (now converted into a farm-house) shows its magnificence by the arches on each side, but now walled up, through which they once used to pass into a spacious plain at the west end of the church, and through another gate to the area, facing the lord abbot's palace, on the south side of it; the crystal river Aire incessantly running by, with a murmuring but pleasant noise, while the winged choristers of the air add their melodious notes to make the harmony the greater. The walls of the edifice, built after the manner of a crucifix, having nine pillars on each side from east to west, besides those at each end; the stately reverential aisles in the whole church; the places for six other altars on each side of the high altar, as appear by the stone pots for holy water; the burial-place for the monks, on the south side, near the palace, now made an orchard, with the arched chamber leading into the cemetery near the church, in the walls of which are yet to be perceived several large stone coffins; and the dormitory, which is still more south-east, with other cells and offices: all these are enough to furnish the contemplative soul with the most serious meditations: and what is most to be observed, that this stately building, having been the last in this kingdom that arrived at its full perfection and beauty, was the soonest visited and destroyed at the dissolution: now, it is a mere shell only, with roofless walls, having yet a well-built but uncovered steeple, the eastern part embraced by its beloved ivy, and all about desolate, solitary, and forlorn. The great window of the high altar is not only a wide space, but the very wall underneath, that once supported its comely stanchings, (unquestionably adorned with curious painted glass,) is quite taken away. This makes a great but solitary passage through the whole body of the abbey; and so, through the next door of the church, an easier way to some of the neighbouring villages."—There is also a traditionary account of two persons being drowned, as a judgment on them for breaking the altar-stone when the place was in ruins, with its first building by Henry Lacey; which, should this meet your approbation and insertion, I will give in some future Number of your valuable work, so deservedly to be sanctioned; and must now speak of Fulneck.

That romantic spot is situated on the side of a hill overlooking a most beautiful valley, on which are built a range of handsome buildings, in the centre of which is a spacious chapel, with an organ, and on each side houses for the minister, managers of the community, and artificers; that on the left for females, the other for males; and the

whole length of the front facing the valley is gravelled, forming a most beautiful terrace, while part of the declivity is cultivated both for use and ornament: but nature has left little for art in this delightful sequestered retreat. Behind this range are cottages of various descriptions for the inferior inhabitants; and still further on the right are pleasant residences for those whom fortune has blessed with wealth, and minds to enjoy it far removed from "the busy hum of men." The girls are principally employed in working on fine linen, making lace and dresses of the most exquisite taste, which finds a ready sale in the metropolis. Such is Fulneck; and however inadequate my pen has been in its description, no traveller should pass its borders without paying that tribute his heart must feel to be due to its beauty and its inhabitants.

July 7th, 1818.

H.

WELSH PHILOLOGY AND TOPOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—In a note appended to Letter I from North Wales*, the writer says, that whenever one L precedes another in the British language, (thus, LL,) the former is pronounced like the English TH, as in Llan, which he says is pronounced Thlan. This is wrong. Double L is a very hard aspirate, like the Saxon HL, as in Hlaf (a Loaf): it rarely happens like TH; but, in the middle of words, Dölgellen and Llangollen being the only two that I know of which happen so, it is double D which sounds as TH. However, it may not be unexceptionable to your readers to notice those letters which differ in sound from the English. They are as follow:—

Welsh.	English power.
A is as	A in Man.
C is always as	K.
C, or CH, is a guttural, like the Greek χ	
DD like	TH in The.
G as	G in Go, always hard.
I as	EE in Been (long).
LL is a hard aspirated L.	
U as	I in Sin (short).
W is always a vowel, like OO in Soon.	
Y is like	U in Burn.

In the British language C is often changed for G, D for T, B for P, V for M, &c.—Example:—Cymry, or Gymry; Daffe, or Taffe, &c. &c.

And, for the better understanding of Welsh topography, the following may be useful:—

Welsh.	Signifies in English.
Ap, or	Son.
Ab, or	
Map, or	
Mab, or	
Vap, or	
Vab	Fortified town.
Caer, or	
Gaer	A field.
Cai, or	
Gai	A chair.
Cader	
Cestill	Castle.
Cerig	Stones.
Carnedd	Heap of stones.
Cromleg	Leaning stone.
Dinas	City.
Dwr	Watch.

Welsh.	Signifies in English.
Isa	Lower.
Llan	Church.
Llyn	Lake.
Mawr, or }	Great.
Vawr	
Maen, or }	Stone.
Vaen	
Maes, or }	Field.
Vaes	
Nant	A Brook.
Pordd	Gate.
Pont	A bridge.
Rhiw	A cliff.
Sir	A county.
Ty	House.
Twr	Tower.
Trev, or }	Town.
Drev	
Ucha	Upper.
Y	The.
Yn	In.
Yns	An island.

I am, sir, &c.

AN ANCIENT BRITON.

CRYSTALLIZATION OF TIN.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—In the Eleventh Number of your very instructive and amusing publication, it is asserted, that the “new process for ornamenting the surface of tin ware” is “entirely dependent on the property of acids to crystallize metals. Tin-plates, being heated, and placed on stone-ware, is washed with a weak solution of muriate of soda, (spirit of sea-salt,) or other acid solution, upon which a crystallization, more or less complete, immediately ensues.”

With respect to the production of the crystalline appearance, the fact, I believe, is this: the tin, prior to the operation, is in a crystallized state; and the exquisite variegations which it afterwards presents, are owing to a developement of the crystallization, caused by a partial solution of the metal in the acid; and the variation of the patterns produced by the application of a stronger heat to different parts of the plate, originates in the solution of a greater quantity of the tin; as the solvent power of the acid is increased on its being raised to an higher temperature.

A solution “of muriate of soda” will have no effect whatever on tin-plate; neither is it an acid solution, as is implied by your words. I presume the sentence ought to have been “a weak solution of muriatic acid*.”

I am, sir, very respectfully, yours,

CRYSTALLOPHILUS.

THE COMFORTS OF UGLINESS.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—As so many of my fellow-readers may probably sympathize with me, in seek-

* The following formal recipes have been given to the public:—“Dissolve four ounces of *muriate of soda* in eight ounces of water, and two ounces of nitric acid:—or 8 oz. water, 2 oz. nitric acid, and 3 oz. muriatic acid:—or, 8 oz. water, 2 oz. muriatic acid, and 1 oz. sulphuric acid. Either of these mixtures is to be poured warm upon a sheet of tinned iron, placed upon a vessel of stone ware; it is to be poured on in several portions, till the sheet is completely watered; it is then to be plunged into water, slightly acidulated and washed.”—Ed.

ing every possible consolation for the want of personal beauty, which capricious Nature has withheld from so many of her sons and daughters who appear in no way to have deserved such uncivil neglect, I feel the wish of doing mankind an essential service working so powerfully within me, that I submit the following consolatory morsel to your inspection; in order that, if you think it likely to reconcile my unfortunate brethren and sisters in ugliness to their unalterable appearance, I may have the pleasure to see it recorded on the pages of your entertaining Journal. I confess my ignorance of the author, though it was copied by me some years ago.

I am, sir, yours, &c. POLYPHEMUS.

THE COMFORTS OF UGLINESS.

Is it not a comfort to be free from all the petty solicitude and toil which the consciousness of personal beauty subjects one to? to comb the eye-brows twenty times a day, to watch perpetually the changing lustre of the eyes, and the fluctuations of colour in the complexion? An ugly fellow is free from all these cares. Beautiful faces are often unmeaning, and fine persons deficient in agility and active vigour. It is ugliness, or something very near it, that is compatible with strong manly expression in a countenance; and it is the thickset, broad, coarse form, that is usually the most remarkable for active strength. Personal elegance and beauty are flowers which quickly fade; and the memory of them is pain to the subsequent life of him who has lost them. The fading of ugliness is but the withering of a thistle, the decay of a nettle:—he, to whom this change comes, has the pleasure to discover, that the difference between the ugly face and the handsome one is every day diminished. Was he but little concerned about the cast of his phiz? he can, however, suffer no uneasiness on account of any effect of growing years upon it, unless it become by growing years more powerfully comic. It is curious to observe, that an ugly face is generally the sign hung out over a witty and humorous mind: it suggests innumerable exhilarating witticisms to the wearer himself, and is the cause of wit to others. There is scarce a merry, shrewd, witty fellow, even in fictitious history, but has the honour of ugliness attributed to him. *Æsop* was a very ugly little crouch-back; uglier still was *Socrates*, not less a wit, and a man of humour, than a philosopher. The heroes of *Rabelais* were famous for personal ugliness. *Sancho Panza*, his master, and *Rosinante*, were, in their several conditions, absolutely patterns of this interesting qualification. *Hudibras* and *Ralpho* were still more conspicuously ugly. *Falstaff*, *Bardolph*, ancient *Pistol*, and almost every character of wit and humour in the whole drama of *Shakspeare*, were eminently ugly. *Scarron*, the favourite wit of France, was the most deformed little figure that ever a lovely woman allowed herself to be coupled to. What amusement is there not to be derived from any thing peculiar in the nose? Is your nose excessively long? comfort yourself that you have fared as well as if you had been to the promontory of noses—it is the proboscis of the elephant—it is the suspensus nasus which the Romans held to be so

remarkable an indication of acute delicacy in the perception of the ridiculous. A short nose is like every thing that is little, smart and pretty; in any dangers and hair-breadth escapes of the face, a humble little nose is not much more exposed than your cheek or your chin. A pimple, a wart, a polipus, by enlarging, only beautify it; it is ever brisk, alert, erect, and upon the qui vive: it affords a shortened passage to the brain. It is a perfection in nature to accomplish all her ends with the smallest possible means. Such noses are well known to have been much valued by the Romans, as a sure proof that the wearer was a person of shrewd discernment, and of a lively sarcastic wit.

A prodigious deal of comfort in a hump-back! Who more chatty, who more conceited of their personal appearance, who more lively in wit and discernment, than the little “*My Lords?*” The hump appears to the little fellow who bears it as if it were a knapsack, in which he had bundled up all his cares, his follies, his absurdities, his ugliness, and cast them behind him. He who can earn nothing with his hands, may get a fortune by lending out his hump, if he has one, for a portable writing-desk. It is well known what wealth a little “*My Lord*” got at Paris, during the famous Mississippi rage, by putting his hump to advantageous use in this way.

A peerage conferred by the king, has, perhaps, nothing more gratifying in it than the address of *My Lord*: but he, whom Nature has honoured by a hump-back, needs no royal creation to enable him to have his ears constantly saluted with this high and flattering address.

WRONGS OF WOMAN.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Your friend, P. Q., in his “*Wrongs of Woman*,” is a very facetious person. His derivation of *μητηρ*, mother; *απο της μητρευσθαι*, is singularly happy. I suppose he derives *virgin* from *vir*, man, and *gin*, a trap, man-trap; and *meretrix*, from *merry tricks*. It is almost as good as *cucumber*, from *Jeremiah*; as thus, I believe,—King *Jeremiah*, King *Jerry*, King *Jer*—gherkin, *cucumber*.

To say nothing of such an etymon, the fact does not bear him out; namely—“a release from confinement.” If it was thought indecent in maidens to mingle with the throng—*εις οχλον ερπειν παρθενοισιν*, *ε καλον**, staying at home was also required of married women—*τη γυναικι καλλιον ειδον μενειν, η θυραυλειν†*. Hence *Phidias*, according to *Plutarch*, formed *Venus* trampling on a tortoise, the symbol of domestic concealment‡ in married women. To distinguish the matron, or domestic dame, from the courtesan, the latter was called *Φοιτας*, meretrix, *παρα το φοιταν*, q. *vagabunda*. So *Μαχος*, from *μηκος*, qui *Domini non manet*, sed exit foras, et huc illuc vagatur.

Now, as to the ancestors, who framed our laws, they but followed the ordinances, which their ancestors, both sacred and profane, had in these cases made and provided. Speech, or oratory, is the business of men; in women it is always called *tongue*—*μυθος*:

* Eurip. Or.

† Xenoph. *Æcon.*‡ *Οικουμενα*.

ἄνδρεςσι μελῃσαι*.—"I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence†." A woman, then, is properly "disqualified from holding a seat in the House"—her own house excepted: her empire, says Homer, is at home, her chair her throne, and her distaff her sceptre—"where she layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff‡." I shall merely add this Hebrew adage, from *Joma*, 18; i. e. *non est sapientia mulieri nisi in colo*: and the whole of her duties are, I trust, *satisfactorily* summed up in silence, the care of her spindle, and staying at home. * * *

July 4, 1818.

ADJUSTMENT OF OPERA-GLASSES.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Few persons know how to avail themselves of these entertaining instruments, from not having learned how to use them, which the following hints will render easy.

As a guide to the adjustment of opera-glasses, opticians usually draw a line round the tube, where it is most distinct for common eyes at a moderate distance; i. e. about twenty yards. When you use your opera-glass, set it to this mark, and hold the outer tube in one hand, and the inner with the other hand, and, whilst looking through the glass at the object you wish it to show you, adjust it exactly. If you wish to see an object five or ten yards further off, or as much nearer, it will require adjusting again, and for each variation of distance, a corresponding variation of adjustment; i. e. of the distance of the glass next the eye, from that next the object.

I am, &c.

W. K.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

HENRY WILLIAM WEBER, Esq.

THE LITERARY PART

By WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

(Concluded from our last, p. 245.)

THOUGH few liberal men could be less expensive than the subject of our memoir, the life of a man of letters, without profession or patrimony, must too often be liable to vicissitude. The delicate mind of Mr. Weber shrunk from every thing like bargaining or finesse; and as his pursuits were not of a profitable nature, he was sometimes obliged to submit to the mechanical drudgery attendant on a merely literary life: this infringed upon the hours of his rest, and abridged necessary exercise, while anxiety and mental exertion united to undermine his health.

In the summer of 1813, Mr. Weber joined two friends on a pedestrian tour round the coast of Scotland, and most laboriously searched for information

through every county, particularly Caithness and Sutherland, penetrating from the Orkneys and John O'Groat's to Cape Wrath, and returning by the western coast, occasionally diverging to the interior, and visiting the numerous islands. They traversed Skye, Mull, Icolmkil, and Staffa; and returned after a tour of three months, having walked many hundred miles. Mr. Weber intended publishing his observations, which would have been particularly interesting on account of his geographical and mineralogical accuracy, but was prevented by the commencement of his ill health: mind and body had alike been stretched beyond their ordinary efforts; and, with the most heart-rending grief, his friends perceived a desultory manner, which was unusual. He resolved once more to visit Germany, and hoped his acquirements as a modern linguist might assist him to procure a diplomatic situation at the Congress, for which he was indeed eminently qualified. But, alas! fate ordained it otherwise: he was seized with what was denominated a brain fever, under which he laboured for some weeks; after that he recovered, and was pronounced entirely restored: but to those who knew him best, it was evident that his mind never again attained that degree of firmness and capacity for which it was before remarkable. He resided with his family till September 1816, at which time the death of his mother occurred at York. Being in a state of weakness and ill health, this shock worked so powerfully on his nervous system, that it again bereaved him of all that makes life valuable; his mind became a chaos of undefinable feelings, which it was most touching to witness. Still affectionate, tractable, and mild, his conversation was often very perspicuous and profitable, but in general confused. It would be alike painful and useless to dwell upon these dark hours of Mr. Weber's closing existence; it would only tend to tear open the wounds of sensibility, and more acutely to excite those feelings of anguish with which his friends witnessed the aberration of his superior understanding. Even at this period of grief, he distinguished himself by his peculiar style of gravity and dignity; and whoever beheld him, was impressed with the conviction, that this reduced figure was the ruin of no ordinary man. The only reflection of comfort on this lamentable case is, the knowledge of the tender consideration with which his susceptible mind was treated by those humane and respectable persons who ministered to his wants.

There were also a number of sympathizing friends who strove to render amusement and comfort to this excellent young man when reason was benighted, and who afforded the last cheering rays that emanated from the setting sun of Mr. Weber's enjoyments. It is impossible to avoid particularizing the Rev. Mr. Jessop, whose modest merit, genuine piety, and retiring usefulness, must for once pardon a public memorial of his friendly sympathy, and indefatigable zeal, in administering to the happiness of his fellow mortals, especially in this, and in another shortly preceding instance of expiring life, and domestic bereavement. On the 25th of March, early in the morning, Mr. Weber drew his last breath; and on the 29th, the sable procession of hearse and coaches moved up the avenue leading to his last melancholy abode. The few but sincere mourners took a last farewell of that emaciated form, where virtue and talent had shone resplendent, and of that strongly marked countenance, where even death and suffering had failed to erase acute expression, and the radiant seal of a noble heart. So good, respected, beloved, and innocent, the grave received its victim in the pride of manhood, who was yielded up with everlasting regret and anguish.

His mother's coffin was uncovered for the reception of her beloved son, and he rests upon the same bosom of tenderness and affection which supported his infancy:—

"O known the earliest, and beloved the most!
Dear to a heart where none can be more dear!
Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
In dreams deny me not to see thee here!
And morn in secret shall renew the tear
Of Consciousness, awaking to her woes,
And Fancy hover o'er thy sacred bier,
Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,
And mourn'd and mourner lie united in repose."

Should it be thought that the inexperienced hand, which traced this slight memoir, has dipped its pen too deeply in the tide of private affection and individual regret, let every reader picture to himself the accumulated grief and disappointment which the above scenes gave rise to, on the loss of an individual, who was, at least in the eye of friendship, possessed of every requisite that could adorn human nature:—

"Peace to the dead, the voice of Nature cries,
E'en o'er the grave where guilt or frailty lies;
And, oh! how lovely do the tints return
Of every virtue sleeping in the urn!
Each grace that fled unobserv'd away,
Starts into life when those it deck'd decay;
Regret fresh beauty on the corse bestows,
And self-regret is mingled with our woes."

Through the kindness of Mr. WALTER SCOTT, the constant friend of Mr. We-

* Homer.

† 1 Tim. ii. 12.

‡ Prov. xxxi. 19.

ber, the reader is presented with the following account of the literary works of the subject of this memoir. It is henceforth Mr. SCOTT who speaks :—

My attention was first drawn to the late Mr. Henry Weber's talents and learning by a long and curious dissertation which he had the goodness to send me upon the ancient romance of Sir Tristram, which I had edited. Upon perusing the manuscript, I was surprised to find that it related to the ancient state of poetry and romantic composition in Germany; a subject which, though so intimately connected with the Anglo-Saxon antiquities of Britain, had, I believe, escaped all our writers upon that interesting topic. Upon coming personally acquainted with Mr. Weber, I discovered with pleasure, that besides possessing the most extensive information respecting continental history and antiquities, he was intimately acquainted with the ancient minstrelsy and dramatic composition of Great Britain; subjects which very seldom prove attractive to the learned of a different country. This similarity of pursuits naturally created a considerable degree of intimacy between Mr. Weber and me, and, joined to other circumstances, gave me an opportunity of being acquainted with the progress of the publications which he superintended while in Edinburgh.

The first of these was an ancient poem on the Battle of Flodden, formerly published by the Rev. Mr. Lambe, Vicar of Norham. In superintending a new edition of this historical poem, Mr. Weber's skill as a draughtsman enabled him to embellish it with curious sketches of ancient banners and armour, said to have been used in that memorable conflict, while his researches in the British Museum and elsewhere threw much important and valuable light upon points of antiquarian and genealogical curiosity. The work is entitled "The Battle of Flodden Field, a poem of the Sixteenth Century," and was published by John Murray, London, and Constable and Co., Edinburgh, in the year 1808. It was as favourably received by the public as could have been expected, from the limited interest excited by works relating chiefly to archæology. Mr. Weber next engaged in a work of the same character, but upon a broader scale; the publication, namely, of a selection of ancient "Metrical Romances," upon the same plan as that of the late Mr. Joseph Ritson.

In these ancient records of history, the European nations may trace, not only fragments of their legendary his-

tory, and the origin of their early poetry, but also the most genuine account of the manners and customs of the middle ages. To learn the dry and general outline of historical events, we may, indeed, consult the monkish historians: but to learn how our ancestry thought and acted, the actual form of the times in which they lived, to be admitted into the interior of their Gothic castles, or to be present in idea at their tournaments and military games; to learn the direct and true effects of that spirit of chivalry which was so long the moving cause of events in Europe, we must have recourse to those ancient poems in which the incidents are usually fabulous, but the system of manners is uniformly real. Yet the apathy of modern times has left those valuable documents in the obscurity of dusty manuscripts, and exposed to all the casualties incident to unique copies. Without meaning to undervalue the labours of so excellent an antiquary as Mr. Ritson, I may be permitted to say, that Mr. Weber had all his laudable research and scrupulous accuracy, without those peculiarities, both in opinions and in style, which impeded in some degree the general reception of Mr. Ritson's publication. The accuracy of the text of Mr. Weber's work, as well as the value of the glossary and illustrations, secured to the editor the approbation of most able British antiquaries; and enabled him to number among his friends the late amiable and accomplished Mr. George Ellis, as well as Richard Heber, George Chalmers, Francis Douce, and other gentlemen eminent for their acquaintance with our early literature. Mr. Weber's collection of Metrical Romances was published in three volumes, crown 8vo., for Constable and Co., and John Murray, in 1810*. It was very favourably noticed in several reviews; but the public encouragement was not such as to induce the booksellers to continue the publication. This was a great disappointment to Mr. Weber; who, with indefatigable industry, had already transcribed several metrical romances which extended to many hundred lines. The magnitude of his plan we learn from the following passages in his preface :—

"The public are now in possession of a sufficient number of these romantic poems to appreciate their value; and should more be required, they are ready to be communicated: the most valuable of them are, no doubt, King Alexander,

* Metrical Romances of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Centuries, published from Ancient Manuscripts, with an Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary. By Henry Weber, Esq.

Ywaine and Gawaine, and Sir Tristrem. But most of them have something attractive; and few, even of those which remain unpublished, are worthless. In some of them the general cloud of dullness is now and then dissipated by a few brilliant lines. This is the case in the ponderous gests of Guy of Warwick, Sir Bevis, and Merlin. Others, though their poetry and versification are very mean, are rendered attractive by the romantic wildness of the tale; such as Sir Launfal, Le Beaus Desconus, Ipomidon, Amis and Amiloun. All of them demand the attention of those who would form a true judgment of the manners, amusements, and modes of thinking which prevailed in the darker ages, and in that, perhaps, most wonderful of all human institutions, the chivalrous and feudal system."

He resumes the subject, in another place of the introduction; and acquaints us with the laborious preparations he had already made for the continuation of this labour of love, for such it was to this enthusiastic antiquary :—

"Happy should the editor be, if he were called upon, in consequence of the present collection, to proceed in rescuing these ancient records of language, manners, and tradition, from oblivion. The reader will find in the note below, an enumeration of such as have been already transcribed by him for the press; and copies of many others extant in public libraries might be obtained—such as Percival, William and the Warwolf, the ponderous Sir Guy, &c. In the present age, when so many a worthless book, printed prior to a certain period, is dragged into notice, and honoured with extracts and long descriptions; the more precarious, and frequently far more valuable stores, existing in manuscripts only, should surely not be forgotten, though their publication is certainly attended by infinitely more labour."

The note announces the following formidable list of metrical romances, which, to those who know the extraordinary length of these poems, will give some idea of Mr. Weber's Herculean powers of exertion :—

"Artour and Merlin, Sir Bevis of Hampton, Sir Ferumbras, Sir Eger Grahame and Sir Graysteel; Charlemagne (called by Mr. Elis, Roland and Ferragus,) Otuel, with the continuation of Charlemagne; Sir Triamour, Eglamour, Sir Owaine, Sir Tundale, Sir Degare, Sir Isumbras, Sir Gowther, Robert of Cisyle, Roswal and Lillian, Florice and Blancheffleur, &c. It were also desirable, that the copies of Orfeo,

and the Chronicle of England, in the Auchinleck MS., which are far better than those edited by Ritson, should be given to the public."

This learned and curious work was inscribed to the Marchioness of Stafford, the accomplished and efficient patroness of the editor. He shortly after undertook, at her ladyship's request, to superintend the publication of Sir Robert Gordon's Genealogical History of the Earls of Sutherland, which appeared in the year 1813. But as no notes were required, Mr. Weber's task was limited to that of faithfully correcting the press from the original manuscript.

The slow sale of the collection of romances discouraged the publishers from continuing that work. The indifference thus testified by the public to a plan which promised to place beyond the hazard of destruction, and at the same time within the reach of every student, a complete and accurate collection of metrical romances, induced Mr. Weber to turn his attention to another branch of poetical antiquity, and to produce an edition of Ford's plays, which appeared in 1811, in two volumes, published for Constable and Co. and Longman and Co. This was followed by a new edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's dramatic works, in fourteen volumes; published, in 1812, for Rivington and Co., Longman and Co., and other booksellers*.

In both these works, but especially the last, several errors may doubtless be pointed out. Mr. Weber was not so intimately acquainted with our dramatic, as with our historical and romantic antiquities; nor did his skill in ancient German erudition come to bear so precisely upon the former as the latter subject. The edition of Beaumont and Fletcher was also far too hastily executed, and double, or even treble the time would have been necessary to do full justice to those admirable dramatists. This arose partly from the uncertainty of Mr. Weber's plans, who was at that time thinking about quitting Edinburgh, and was honourably desirous of fulfilling his engagements with the booksellers. Yet under all these disadvantages, the work will be found infinitely superior to the previous editions. It is more complete, as containing a play of Fletcher's composition hitherto unpublished. The text is, in many respects, altered for the better; and the illustrations, particularly those which relate to the sources from which the authors drew the plots of their dramas, are curious

and satisfactory. In this last particular, Mr. Weber was qualified better than most men to trace the origin of dramatic fiction; for I question much if any one who survives him, excepting Mr. Francis Douce, possesses his extensive acquaintance not only with the novelists of Italy and Spain, whose collections were the chief store-house of our early dramatists, but also with the fabliaux of the Normans, the tales of the Provençals, and the still more obscure works of early German mastersingers, or minstrels, from whom these novelists borrowed the subjects, which they lent to Shakspeare, Ford, Beaumont and Fletcher, and others.

When Mr. Weber disposed of his books on leaving Edinburgh, I became proprietor of many of these ancient collections of novels in Spanish and Italian, and found their value unexpectedly enhanced by the curious notes which their former proprietor had inserted, tracing the origin of the various narratives, and affording no small light upon the history of fictitious composition.

Notwithstanding these advantages, however, I was particularly desirous that Mr. Weber should employ his uncommon powers of industry and elucidation in some path more peculiarly his own, than that of illustrating our ancient drama. Edinburgh, however eligible in many respects as the residence of a man of literature, does not possess, either in public or private libraries, any extensive collection of books referring to dramatic antiquities; while the collection of Garrick, now in the British Museum, with those of Mr. Kemble, Mr. Heber, Mr. Douce, the late Mr. Malone, and others, are so rich in that department, and, by the liberality of the owners, so accessible to all who are likely to make a good use of them, that every undertaking having reference to the ancient British theatre must be carried on in London with the most preponderating advantages.

Besides, it appeared of greater importance that Mr. Weber should afford the public that information which his acquaintance with foreign literature rendered peculiar to himself, than engage in researches in which he might be rivalled or outstripped by natives of Britain. It was, therefore, at my request that he engaged in an original, and, as I still presume to think, a very important work, to be entitled "Northern Antiquities*." In this work, Mr. Weber

had the assistance of a learned and excellent antiquary, Mr. Robert Jameson; and it was the purpose of the publication to introduce the English antiquary to the romantic legends and traditions of Scandinavia and Germany. He is introduced to an entirely new cycle of chivalrous heroes, as marked in their character, and discriminated by manners, as those of the Knights of the Round Table, or the Paladins of France. Theoderick of Verona is the central chief on whom this new order of knighthood depends, as the others upon King Arthur and the Emperor Charlemagne. Attila is also an actor of distinction; and there can be little doubt that, however disguised by an accumulation of poetical fiction, as the antiquity of the real events became remote, these traditions are evidently founded upon historical occurrences. The intimate acquaintance which Mr. Jameson possesses with Scandinavian literature, enabled him to point out the correspondence betwixt the legends of "The Book of Heroes," and "The Lay of the Niebelung," and the traditions on the same subject to be found in Germany and Sweden. A new source of interest and curiosity was thus opened on both sides; and although the year 1814, and those which succeeded, were unfavourable to literary speculations, the work would certainly have proceeded, if Mr. Weber had kept his health, and continued to reside in Scotland. The first volume will, however, always be a mingled source of satisfaction and regret.

After this, I am not aware that Mr. Weber was engaged in any work of consequence; but I know that he gave important assistance to some geographical and statistical collections, a department of literature concerning which he was almost as eager as about antiquities. I think the learned Mr. Pinkerton and he had some arrangement about a projected work of this nature; but I do not know that it ever went beyond the preliminary calculations. It is scarce worth while to mention, that for several years Mr. Weber compiled the chronicle of the Edinburgh Annual Register.

Mr. Weber was a good poet in the German language, and even in English. He was skilled in the literature of almost all modern European nations; and had a general acquaintance with classical learning. His memory was extremely tenacious, and so well arranged, that amidst the various stores

* Illustrations of Northern Antiquities from the earliest Teutonic and Scandinavian Romances; being an abstract of the Book of Heroes, and

Nielbrungen Lay: with Translations of Metrical Tales from the old German, Danish, Swedish, and Icelandic Languages; with Notes and Dissertations. 4to. Edinburgh, 1814.

* And dedicated to Lord Holland.

which it contained, he was at all times able, with enviable facility, to select and combine whatever was suited to illustrate his immediate purpose. His publications sufficiently testify his acquaintance with the higher branches of the antiquarian science—those, namely, which respect history, poetry, language, and manners; but Mr. Weber was also acquainted with its more technical departments. He was an acute bibliographer; and would have been admirably suited to take the charge and superintendence of an extensive public library. He would even descend to the minutiae of collecting, comparing, completing, or illustrating with his pencil, any rare book belonging to his friends. As a man of literature he pursued knowledge with eagerness, and for her own sake; and he was so neglectful of any more interested motive, that it was always necessary that a friend should take the trouble of procuring him the well-earned profit of his labours, otherwise he might have altogether lost sight of it. I have always been of opinion, that if Mr. Weber had obtained an official situation connected with literature, and enjoyed a continuance of good health, his extensive acquisitions and great powers of labour would have enabled him to render both the most essential services.

Edinburgh, 12th June, 1818.

Besides the works here enumerated, and so ably commented upon by Mr. Scott, Mr. Weber published an edition of eastern tales, entitled "Tales of the East; comprising the most popular romances of oriental origin, and the best imitations by European authors: with new translations, and additional tales never before published. To which is prefixed an introductory dissertation, containing an account of each work, and of its author or translator, by H. Weber, Esq., in three vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1812, for James Ballantyne and Co."

The introduction was considered as manifesting great learning and research upon subjects of oriental literature, and has received the public approbation of our most popular writers.

Afterwards, a supplemental volume was published, entitled "Popular Romances;" containing Gulliver's Travels, The World under Ground, Peter Wilkins, History of Antomathes, &c.

FORGERY OF BANK NOTES.

[That it is better to prevent crimes than to punish them, is a maxim, of legislation as well as of humanity, so obviously sound as to need no defence; and upon this foundation we listen with great eagerness to any proposal that is made for diminishing the facility, if not of

removing the possibility, of counterfeiting Bank Notes.

We are not of the number of those who call for a mitigation of the punishment of forgery. A totally false principle of human legislation is assumed, when it is contended that punishments should be apportioned to the abstract enormity of offences. All offences are to be punished; this is the eternal, universal principle; but the amount of punishment depends upon no principle that is universal or eternal. Punishments must be regulated by a thousand accidental circumstances. They must vary with times and places. They must have respect to the degree of mischief resulting from the offence, as affecting each particular community. They must sometimes be arbitrarily adapted to the facility of their commission, and sometimes more arbitrarily still, to the frequency of their occurrence. All this may be easily shown from the most convincing examples.

But while we do not desire a mitigation of the punishment of forgery, we can never join such as tell us, that all attempts to put an end to the possibility of a given crime are idle; that there are always dishonest persons in the world; and that those dishonest persons will commit some other crime, if they are prevented from committing forgery. We cannot, in this place, go into a refutation of so very thoughtless a proposition, but must content ourselves with assuming it to be the first, the second, the third, and the fourth, duties of the legislator, 1. to diminish the inclination to crime; 2. to diminish the temptation to crime; 3. to diminish the PRACTICABILITY of crime; and only, fourthly and lastly, to punish crime.

With respect to the forgery of Bank Notes, it is impossible, on the one hand, not to believe, that the Bank of England earnestly desires to find out the means of prevention, and has long and earnestly endeavoured to do so; and under this aspect, it is natural to feel a little despondingly as to the prospect of attaining that which may thus seem to be proved unattainable. On the other hand, if men had ever despaired upon grounds similar to these, few great discoveries would have been made in the world; for inventors are commonly those who happen to cast their eyes, or employ their thoughts, upon what other men have overlooked or neglected.

The Society for the Encouragement of Arts, during its late session, took up a formal investigation of several plans for the prevention of forgery of Bank Notes. In the end, it resolved on submitting the whole of the information which it had thus obtained to the private inspection and consideration of the Directors of the Bank of England. By that body, there can be no doubt that the subject will receive the fullest and most serious renewed attention. To the public at large, in the meantime, the matter is deeply interesting; and the greater the number of the examiners, the more likely is the examination to produce something beneficial. To aid in this solemn purpose, we this day present to our readers the plan of Mr. Barber Beaumont, a gentleman of acknowledged genius, activity, and public spirit; to whom also, it is not to be forgotten, that the Society and the Country are indebted for having procured the question to be thus taken up. The plans of other persons will be given by us hereafter. Extracts from the following, by Mr. Beaumont, have previously found their way to the press, but we give the whole, for the first time of publication, in a complete form.]

PLAN OF J. T. BARBER BEAUMONT, ESQ. F.A.S. FOR THE PREVENTION OF FORGERIES OF BANK NOTES.

FORGERIES of Bank of England notes are so frequent, because they are so easy of

imitation. They are of inferior workmanship to common engraved shop-bills. An apprentice to a writing engraver of one year's standing, by three or four days' work, is able to copy a Bank note plate, so that ordinary judges cannot tell the genuine from the spurious. There are many thousands of persons in this country who are able to engrave successful imitations of Bank of England notes, and nine-tenths of these are in needy, and many of them in distressed circumstances. It is therefore not surprising, if amongst so many who are competent to relieve their necessities by these forgeries, some should be desperate enough to commit them.

Now if, instead of being the common-place work of inferior writing engravers (who are so numerous), Bank note plates were masterpieces of the best historical engravers, who are so few, whose talent is so rarely to be found, the number of persons who would be able to attempt an imitation, with any chance of success, would be very inconsiderable indeed—not ten persons, perhaps, where there are now ten thousand. But these persons, by the legitimate use of their talents, can acquire competence,—they therefore are not likely to employ their time and risk their lives in felonious imitations. Nay, if in the perversity of the human mind a first-rate artist were disposed to turn forger, he could not do it successfully, because, even in the very first rank of historical engravers, one cannot imitate the engraving of another in a work of importance, such as an historical group finished in the best style, without the difference of manner being visible. If, for instance, SHARP were employed to engrave a plate, and HEATH or WARREN (I hope those Gentlemen will pardon the supposition) were disposed to imitate it, they might produce a work of similar beauty and general effect to that of SHARP's, but the difference of manner would be obvious to the commonest observer, and not only the forgery would be instantly detected, but the hand that had done it be immediately identified;—for historical engravers recognize each other's handling with as much facility as correspondents recognize each other's hand-writing, and with more certainty. It is therefore not reasonable to suppose that first-rate artists, enjoying large incomes, would commit a crime, where defeat, detection, and punishment, could not fail to light on them immediately: and as none but first-rate artists could make the attempt, it follows that an end would be put to the commission of the crime.

But if it be imagined that superior engravings will be of no avail, because an inferior artist might make an imitation, although a bad one, and that the public generally would not know a bad copy from a fine original, I submit the following reasons to the contrary. To make even a bad imitation of a fine historical vignette, the forger must be an experienced engraver. Now every engraver would be sensible of the difference that must be evident between his copy and a fine original; and as he would have to fear that the first person into whose hands his imitation chanced to fall, might possess sufficient discrimination to see the difference and detect him, he would be discouraged from making the attempt. He would be further discouraged by the time and labour that it would consume to copy a fine historical group.

And the public are not so insensible to talent in the arts as is often supposed. Publishers are well aware of the interest which the multitude take in a well-executed print, and therefore give a high price to superior engravers for embellishments to cheap editions of plays and novels. They would not go to this expense if the public could not see the difference between good and bad engravings. A similar interest would be excited towards a picture on a Bank note, if the subject were pleasing, and the execution fine. And a person thus interested in the picture on a Bank note, and accustomed to view it, could scarcely fail to be struck with the difference that would appear in a copy by an inferior artist, although he might have no skill in the arts. His suspicions excited, he would examine and compare the suspected note with a corresponding genuine note, and detect the difference, or else refer to some neighbour who would solve his difficulty. Thus the Public would very generally be able to defend themselves against the intrusion of a forgery.

But because some might be so ignorant or heedless as not to be sensible of the difference between a fine original and a bad copy, surely that is no reason why others of better judgment should be precluded from the means of protecting themselves.

As Bank of England notes are now made, the enlightened and the ignorant are equally disqualified from judging between an original and a copy. If masterpieces of art be introduced into their composition, the means of judging will be supplied: and here I may be excused in observing, that a judgment in the arts being thus rendered daily useful, will go far towards improving the taste of the British public.

This view does not rest upon theoretical reasoning: it has been proved to be true in practice. Several country bankers have long been aware of the utility of having their notes engraved in a superior manner, in order to increase the difficulty of imitation. They have had their notes engraved in this manner, and have succeeded completely. I might quote several instances of the success which has followed this precaution, but this may suffice. The proprietors of the Plymouth Dock Bank, about eighteen years since, were forged upon: they in consequence had a handsome vignette designed, and engraved by an eminent historical engraver. He has engraved several successive plates for them, and they have never been imitated. But the partners, some years since, wishing to have a distinct appearance between their notes and bills, had a new plate engraved for the latter, with only an ornamental cipher instead of the vignette. This was no sooner issued than it was imitated, whereupon they immediately discontinued the use of the cipher plate, and adopted the vignette, and since then they have had no forgeries on them. The artist tells me, that he and other historical engravers have engraved vignettes for several country bankers, and that he never heard of a forgery having been attempted on any of their plates. Thus the feasibility of the system in theory stands confirmed by practical experience. Its effectiveness then in the prevention of forgeries, I think, cannot admit of a doubt. The only reasonable objection which I can conceive it possible to

advance, lies in the seemingly great expense of using superior historical engravings, instead of inferior writing plates. If, however, I shall prove, that instead of the proposed means involving the Bank in additional expense, it will lessen the expenses, at the same time that it will relieve the public from the loss of time occasioned by writing names on the notes, the loss of property incident to their receiving forged notes, and the vexatious proceedings consequent on their being impounded by the Bank, to say nothing here of the temptation to crime, and the sacrifice of lives, consequent on the present mode of manufacturing Bank notes,—I think it will be impossible to deem the system which I advocate otherwise than highly useful to the Bank, as well as to the Public, and such as ought to be adopted without delay. Now then as to expense.

It is well known that engraving may be done upon softened steel as well as on copper. It is also ascertained that when engraved the steel plates may be hardened to a high degree without injury, and that so prepared they will yield an immense number of impressions without any sensible wearing. I have heard some practical men say they will bear a million of impressions; others reckon upon a hundred thousand. A plate executed as I propose, would cost £60; so that taking the minimum of impressions, viz. 100,000, the expense of using fine historical engravings on steel would be £60 for 100,000 impressions.

The present copper-plates, I suppose, cost the Bank about £3 each, and yield about 5000 impressions; the expense then of using bad writing engravings on copper, is £60 for 100,000 impressions, just the expense of plates on the preventive system. This view only draws into comparison the relative expenses of the opposite description of engravings; but an important saving would be produced by superseding the necessity of the expense of criminal prosecutions, and of the attendant corps of spies and informers.

A further effect of this system in preventing forgeries, would be found in all the notes of one kind for a long period of years being taken from one plate, whence a person having a genuine note might compare it with the minutiae of another suspected to be forged, and as it would be impossible even for the artist himself, who had engraven an original plate, to follow in a copy the length, sweep, depth, and number of the strokes in his original, a detection would be easily made, even by those who knew nothing of the arts.

My preventive of forgery then consists in combining the use of the finest historical engravings with the use of plates of extraordinary durability.

The vignette which I should recommend for the plates of the Bank of England would occupy not less than one-third of their whole space. It would be an historical composition, containing not less than three human figures; the figures to be nearly naked; as such subjects put the ability of the artist to the nicest test. The very first-rate talents to be found among the artists of this country ought to be enlisted in this service. Different vignettes ought to be used for the different denominations of notes, the more effectually to distinguish them. Every successive plate of one denomination should be marked

with a successive letter or number, and the date of the year when first issued.

But although I dwell upon the combination of the finest historical engravings, with plates of extraordinary durability, as affording the surest means of preventing forgeries, I do not propose that these should be used to the exclusion or neglect of any other means which can conveniently be added to increase the difficulty of imitation. I therefore recommend, that the best workmanship in the department of writing engraving should be introduced in the plate; that a stamp from a die of superior execution should also appear; that curious engraving of concentric and undulating lines, such as can only be produced by a very expensive engine, should enter into the design; and that, on the back of the note, a wood-cut of landscape and figures, and engine work, executed in the best and most difficult style, and which may be stereotyped, should be printed in coloured ink:—that the paper, in its texture and substance, (as well as in the water marks), should be essentially different from any other paper.

Thus a combination of seven superior artists, in separate and distinct branches of the arts, would be necessary to produce a forgery of a Bank note on my plan; viz. A first-rate historical engraver—a first-rate writing engraver—a first-rate engine engraver—a first-rate die sinker—a first-rate engraver on wood—a first-rate turner on wood—a first-rate paper maker—together with an advance of capital which, I believe, men who commit forgeries are never known to possess.

Forgeries of Bank notes, indeed, are generally committed by apprentice boys—by imprisoned and other necessitous men: and I submit, that it is not within the verge of reason to suppose that seven eminent professors, in distinct branches of the arts, would combine for the purpose of committing forgeries; and the more especially, as the attempt could only be made at a great expense of time and money, and after all could not escape speedy, if not immediate detection.

It may be necessary that I should notice an objection that hardened steel plates cannot be produced in sufficient numbers to supply the consumption of the Bank. Copper plates are producible in sufficient numbers; and a hundred copper plates are necessary where one steel plate might suffice. But superior historical engravings are to be introduced on steel plates, and first-rate historical engravers, it is said, are but few. To determine accurately how far the whole demand upon the Bank may be supplied with historical engravings, we are in want of information as to the number of new notes of each denomination which the Bank issues in a given time. This information is kept secret: we are constrained, therefore, to guess at it, and to suppose that half a million of £1. notes are issued in a month. Now we are assured that the steel plates will stand double that quantity. But if a new plate were required every month, a single historical engraver would have no difficulty in supplying his part toward it. If, however, it turns out (not that I believe it will do so) that the issue of £1. notes exceeds the number supposed, and that the steel plates will not last so long as is stated; therefore

that fine historical engravings on steel are not applicable to £1. notes, of which the issue is so very considerable; that part of my plan may be abandoned, as far as regards £1. notes. The remaining six out of the seven arts proposed may still constitute a sufficient security. But considering fine historical engravings as the surest test, I would retain it wherever I could: and as all the notes of a higher denomination than £1. are issued to a small amount comparatively, the vignettes may be introduced into them without doubt or difficulty, and the security to the public be rendered perfect as the values of the notes ascend.

It has been proposed to introduce printing type into the composition of a block; and if it be judiciously applied, it will be found a useful ingredient. Small letter-type has been used in the American and other notes, by a repetition of one or two words several hundred times: but as very few punches are necessary for this application of the principle, its chief use in preventing forgery, namely, the labour it imposes, is lost. The mode of applying the principle which I recommend, would be to introduce a great many different alphabets in lines, all varying from those in common use, and to repeat each line of letters from four to eight times, as space can be afforded, so that several letters from one punch should appear one closely under another. By thus proceeding with regular alphabets, the greatest number of punches is put in requisition; and by bringing the letters of one sort in immediate comparison, the necessity of proceeding by type-cutting is imposed, inasmuch as a person could not, by engraving, show a number of letters together so precisely alike, as to appear to come from one punch. I should propose alphabets of Roman, Italian, and of letters sloped the contrary way to Italian, to be introduced in capitals, and also in lower case. This would make six alphabets, to which the numerals might be added; these would amount altogether to about two hundred punches, all showing distinct forms, rather difficult of imitation, and of which the public generally are competent judges. If it were thought necessary to increase the number of punches, the Greek alphabet and Hebrew characters might be added; but these I should think less of, because they do not present forms which are familiar to common observers. At the top of the note, a tablet, about three-fourths the length of the note, and half an inch wide, might contain all the alphabets half a dozen times repeated. At each end of the note, and to occupy its whole height, I would introduce a figure, done by the first wood engraver, and in his best manner, or several finely executed busts: and as a counterpart to the tablet above, I would propose to show on a tablet at the bottom of the note the most difficult specimens of rose engine turning. The figures might be cut on soft metal instead of wood, and be, with the letter-press and writing, stereotyped. Any number of blocks might then be procured from *one original*, and an infinite number of impressions be produced at the rate of from forty to fifty thousand per day from a single press.

Whatever means are employed, I decidedly recommend, that forms be introduced which present a distinct image of some familiar and interesting object. Masses of intricate and

confused workmanship may be difficult to imitate accurately; but producing no determinate idea, or fixed impression, a very inaccurate imitation will pass without observation. Where, on the contrary, the original is a finely executed head or figure, the imitation of a bungler is detected at the first glance by most persons who receive Bank notes.

CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD.

DEHORTATIONS from the use of strong liquors have been the favourite topic of sober declaimers in all ages, and have been received with abundance of applause by water-drinking critics. But with the patient himself, (the man that is to be cured,) unfortunately their sound has seldom prevailed. Yet the evil is acknowledged, the remedy simple. Abstain. No force can oblige a man to raise the glass to his head against his will. 'Tis as easy as not to steal, nor to tell lies.

Oh pause, thou sturdy moralist! thou person of stout nerves and a strong head, whose liver is happily untouched! and first learn how much of compassion, how much of human allowance thou mayest virtuously mingle with thy disapprobation!

Begin a reformation, and custom will make it easy.—But what if the beginning be dreadful, the first steps not like climbing a mountain, but going through fire? What if the whole system must undergo a change, violent as that which we conceive of the mutation of form in some insects? What if a process comparable to flaying alive be to be gone through? Is the weakness which sinks under such struggles to be confounded with the pertinacity which clings to other vices, which have induced no constitutional necessity, no engagement of the whole victim, body and soul?

I have known one in such a state, that when he has tried to abstain but for one evening,—though the poisonous potion had long ceased to bring back its first enchantments, though he was sure it would rather deepen his gloom than brighten it,—in the violence of the struggle, and the necessity he has felt of getting rid of the present sensation at any rate,—I have known him to scream out, to cry aloud, for the anguish and pain of the strife within him.

Why should I hesitate to declare, that the man of whom I speak is myself?

I believe that there are constitutions, robust heads, and iron insides, whom scarce any excesses can hurt; whom brandy, (I have seen them drink it like wine,) at all events whom wine, taken

in ever so plentiful measure, can do no worse injury to, than just to muddle their faculties, perhaps never very pellucid. On them this discourse is wasted. They would but laugh at a weak brother, who, trying his strength with them, and coming off foiled from the contest, would fain persuade them that such agonistic exercises are dangerous. It is to a very different description of persons I speak. It is to the weak, the nervous, to those who feel the want of some artificial aid to raise their spirits in society to what is no more than the ordinary pitch of all around them without it. This is the secret of our drinking. Such must fly the convivial board in the first instance, if they do not mean to sell themselves for term of life.

Twelve years ago I had completed my six-and-twentieth year. I had lived from the period of leaving school to that time pretty much in solitude. My companions were chiefly books, or at most, one or two living ones of my own book-loving and sober stamp. I rose early, went to bed betimes, and the faculties which God had given me, I have reason to think, did not rust in me unused.

About that time I fell in with some companions of a different order. They were men of boisterous spirits, sitters up a-nights, disputants, drunken; yet seemed to have something noble in them. We dealt about the wit, or what passes for it, after midnight, jovially. Of the quality called fancy, I certainly possessed a larger share than my companions. Encouraged by their applause, I set up for a professed joker! I, who of all men am least fitted for such an occupation, having, in addition to the greatest difficulty which I experience at all times in finding words to express my meaning, a natural nervous impediment in my speech!

Reader, if you are gifted with nerves like mine, aspire to any character but that of a wit. When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue, disposing you to that sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly from certain destruction. If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play—write an essay, pen a character or description—but not as I do now, with tears trickling down your cheeks!

To be an object of compassion to friends, of derision to foes; to be sus-

pected by strangers, stared at by fools; to be esteemed dull when you cannot be witty; to be applauded for witty when you know that you have been dull; to be called upon for the extemporaneous exercise of that faculty, which no premeditation can give; to be spurred on to efforts which end in contempt; to be set on to provoke mirth, which procures the procurer hatred; to give pleasure, and to be paid with squinting malice; to swallow draughts of life-destroying wine, which are to be distilled into airy breath to tickle vain auditors; to mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inconsiderable drops of grudging applause, — are the wages of buffoonery.

Time, which has a sure hand at dissolving all connexions which have no better fastening than this liquid cement, more kind to me than my own taste or penetration, at length opened my eyes to the supposed qualities of my first friends. No trace of them is left but in the vices which they introduced, and the habits they infixed. In them my friends survive still, and exercise ample retribution for any supposed infidelity towards them of which I may have been guilty.

My next more immediate companions were, and are, persons of such intrinsic worth, that though accidentally their acquaintance has proved pernicious to me, I do not know, if the thing were to do over again, whether I should have the courage to eschew the mischief at the price of forfeiting the benefit. I came to them reeking with the steams of my late overheated notions of companionship, and the slightest fuel which they unconsciously afforded, was sufficient to feed my old fires into a perpetuity.

They were no drinkers. But one, from professional habits, another, from a custom derived from his father, smoked tobacco. The devil could not have devised a more subtle trap to retake a backsliding penitent. The transition from gulping down draughts of liquid fire, to puffing out innocuous blasts of dry smoke, was so like cheating the enemy.

It were impertinent to carry the reader through all the processes by which, from smoking at first with malt liquor, I took my degrees through thin wines, through stronger wine and water, through small punch, to those juggling compositions, which, under the name of mixed liquors, slur a great deal of brandy or other poison under less and less water continually, until they come

to next to none, and so to none at all. But it is hateful to disclose the secrets of my Tartarus.

I should repel my readers, from a mere incapacity of believing me, were I to tell them what tobacco has been to me, the drudging service which I have paid, the slavery which I have vowed to it. How, when I have resolved to quit it, a feeling of ingratitude has started up; how it has put on personal claims, and made the demands of a friend upon me. How the reading of it casually in a book, (as where Adams takes his whiff in the chimney corner of some inn, in Joseph Andrews, or Piscator, in the Complete Angler, breaks his fast upon a morning pipe in that delicate room *piscatoribus sacrum*,) has in a moment broken down the resistance of weeks. How a pipe was ever in my midnight path before me, till the vision forced me to realize it — how then its ascending vapours curled, its fragrance lulled, and the thousand delicious ministerings conversant about, employing every faculty, extracted the sense of pain. How from illuminating, it came to darken; from a quick solace, it turned to a negative relief, thence to a restlessness and dissatisfaction, thence to a positive misery. How, even now, when the whole secret stands confessed in all its dreadful truth before me, I feel myself linked to it beyond the power of revocation. Bone of my bone —

Persons not accustomed to examine the motives of their actions, to reckon up the countless nails that rivet the chains of habit, or, perhaps, being bound by none so obdurate as those I have confessed, may recoil from this as from an overcharged picture. But what is it short of such a bondage, which in spite of protesting friends, a weeping wife, and a reprobating world, chains down many a poor fellow, of no original indisposition to goodness, to his pipe and his pot?

I have seen a print after Corregio, in which three female figures are ministering to a man, who sits bound fast at the root of a tree. Sensuality is soothing him, Evil Habit is nailing him to a branch, and Repugnance at the same instant of time is applying a snake to his side. In his face are feeble delight, the recollection of past rather than perception of present pleasures, languid enjoyment of evil, with utter imbecility to good, a Sybaric effeminacy, a submission to bondage, the springs of the will gone down like a broken clock, the sin and the suffering co-instantaneous, or the latter forerunning the former, remorse pre-

ceding action — all this represented in one point of time. When I saw this, I admired the wonderful skill of the painter. But when I went away, I wept, because I thought of my own condition.

Of *that* there is no hope that it should ever change. The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavour of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will — to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruins — could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feebleness and feebleness outcry to be delivered — it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation; to make him clasp his teeth,

— and not undo 'em,
To suffer WET DAMNATION to run through 'em.

Yea, but (methinks I hear somebody object,) if sobriety be that fine thing you would have us to understand; if the comforts of a cool brain are to be preferred to that state of heated excitement which you describe and deplore; what hinders, in your own instance, that you do not return to those habits from which you would induce others never to swerve? If the blessing be worth preserving, is it not worth recovering?

Recovering! — Oh, if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the next clear spring could slake any heats which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to thee, pure element, the drink of children, and of child-like holy hermit! In my dreams I can sometimes fancy thy cool refreshment purling over my burning tongue. But my waking stomach rejects it. That which refreshes innocence, only makes me sick and faint.

But is there no middle way betwixt

total abstinence, and the excess which kills you?—For your sake, reader, and that you may never attain to my experience, with pain I must utter that there is none, none that I can find. In my stage of habit, (I speak not of habits less confirmed, for some of them I believe the advices to be most prudent,) in the stage which I have reached, to stop short of that measure which is sufficient to draw on torpor and sleep, the benumbing apoplectic sleep of the drunkard, is all one as to have taken none at all. The pain of the self-denial is equal. And what that is, I had rather the reader should believe on my credit, than know from his own trial. He will come to know it, whenever he shall arrive at that state in which, paradoxical as it may appear, *reason shall only visit him through intoxication*. For it is a fearful truth, that the intellectual faculties, by repeated acts of intemperance, may be driven from their orderly sphere of action, their clear daylight ministeries, until they shall be brought at last to depend for the faint manifestation of their departing energies, upon the returning periods of the fatal madness to which they owe their devastation. The drinking man is never less himself than during his sober intervals. Evil is so far his good*.

Behold me, then, in the robust period of life, reduced to imbecility and decay. Here me count my gains and the profits which I have derived from the midnight cup.

Twelve years ago I was possessed of a healthy frame of mind and body. I was never strong; but I think my constitution (for a weak one) was as happily exempt from the tendency to any malady as it was possible to be. I scarce knew what it was to have an ailment. Now, except when I am losing myself in a sea of drink, I am never free from those uneasy sensations, in head and stomach, which are so much worse to bear than any definite pains or aches.

At that time I was seldom in bed after six in the morning, summer and winter. I awoke refreshed, and seldom without some merry thoughts in my head, or some piece of a song to welcome the new-born day. Now, the first feeling which besets me, after stretching out the hours of recumbence

* "When poor Morland painted his last picture, with a pencil in one hand, and a glass of brandy and water in the other, his fingers owed the comparative steadiness with which they were enabled to go through their task in an imperfect manner, to a temporary firmness derived from a repetition of practices, the general effect of which had shaken both them and him so terribly."

to their last possible extent, is a forecast of the wearisome day that lies before me, with a secret wish that I could have lain on still, or never awaked.

Life itself, my waking life, has much of the confusion, the trouble, and obscure perplexity of an ill dream. In the day-time I stumble upon dark mountains.

Business, which though never particularly adapted to my nature, yet as something of necessity to be gone through, and therefore best undertaken with cheerfulness, I used to enter upon with some degree of alacrity, now wearies, affrights, perplexes me; I fancy all sorts of discouragements, and am ready to give up an occupation which gives me bread, from a harassing conceit of incapacity. The slightest commission given me by a friend, or any small duty which I have to perform for myself, as giving orders to a tradesman, &c. haunts me as a labour impossible to be got through. So much the springs of action are broken.

The same cowardice attends me in all my intercourse with mankind. I dare not promise that a friend's honour, or his cause, would be safe in my keeping, if I were put to the expense of any manly resolution in defending it. So much the springs of moral action are deadened within me.

My favourite occupation in times past now ceases to entertain. I can do nothing readily. Application for ever so short a time kills me. This poor abstract of my condition was penned at long intervals, with scarcely any attempt at connexion of thought, which is now difficult to me.

The noble passages which formerly delighted me in history, or poetic fiction, now only draw a few weak tears, allied to dotage. My broken and dispirited nature seems to sink before any thing great and admirable.

I perpetually catch myself in tears, for any cause, or none. It is inexpressible how much this infirmity adds to a sense of shame, and a general feeling of deterioration.

These are some of the instances concerning which I can say with truth, that it was not always so with me.

Shall I lift up the veil of my weakness any further, or is this disclosure sufficient?

I am a poor nameless egotist, who have no vanity to consult by these confessions. I know not whether I shall be laughed at, or heard seriously. Such as they are, I commend them

to the reader's attention, if he find his own case any way touched. I have told him what I am come to.—Let him stop in time.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

The following is from the Morning Chronicle of Wednesday last. If the statement is not false, Sir Francis Burdett, faithful to the doctrines of his master, John Horne Tooke*, disclaims UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE, and joins Mr. Canning in asserting that no scheme of Universal Suffrage can be complete, from which *women* are excluded. Why the declaration was not made *till after the election*, it is easy to guess: but why will the honest baronet still attempt to coalesce with Major Cartwright, affecting to call that, which the Major and all his consistent friends must regard as the life-blood of the system, by the hypocritical and delusive title of a "minute particular?" It is a "minute particular" for which, whenever the great work of revolution begins, Sir Francis will pay, not only with his lands, but with his throat!—In the mean time, it may be worth observing, that the doctrine of Universal Suffrage is left, for the present, in the exclusive hands of Major Cartwright, Mr. Hunt, &c.

"The meeting at the Crown and Anchor on Monday, after the procession, was so crowded, that our colleagues were very much exhausted with fatigue and heat before the conclusion of the dinner. They were not therefore able to state all that occurred, though the sketch we gave was perfectly correct as far as it went. One passage of Sir Francis Burdett's speech requires to be given more at length, because it justifies the opinion we always entertained, and upon which we acted during the Westminster Election:—

"Sir Francis Burdett lamented that his old and valued friend Major Cartwright was not of the number of the Gentlemen who attended to celebrate the triumph of Westminster. On the subject of Universal Suffrage, which had been advocated by that worthy man, and which was the subject of much discussion, he, Sir Francis, would take leave to remark, that the phrase in question was vague—it defined nothing—it included in its provisions, men, women, and children. Its very advocates were obliged to circumscribe it by limitations: these limitations were various, according to each man's par-

* See LITERARY JOURNAL, No. 13, p. 234.

ticular views—and he could not but express his fervent wish that Gentlemen, who agreed upon the general position of the necessity of Reform, would act together, as far as they could without making a sacrifice of principle; and that, opposed as they were by the powerful agents of corruption, they would see the necessity imposed upon them of uniting in the assertion of their common doctrine, while they agreed to differ upon minute particulars.”—*Morning Chronicle, Wednesday, July 15.*

DURATION OF ENGLISH PARLIAMENTS.

The following table shows the number of Parliaments held in each reign, from the 27th of Edward I, A.D. 1299, to the end of George II, showing also the respective lengths of each reign:—

	Number of Parliaments.	Length of Reigns. Years.
Edward the First (from 1299)	8	— 8
Edward the Second	15	— 20
Edward the Third	37	— 50
Richard the Second	26	— 22
Henry the Fourth	10	— 14
Henry the Fifth	11	— 9
Henry the Sixth	22	— 39
Edward the Fourth	5	— 22
Richard the Third	1	— 2
Henry the Seventh	3	— 24
Henry the Eighth	3	— 33
Edward the Sixth	2	— 6
Mary	5	— 5
Elizabeth	10	— 45
James the First	4	— 22
Charles the First	4	— 24
Charles the Second	8	— 36
James the Second	3	— 4
William the Third	6	— 13
Anne	6	— 12
George the First	2	— 13
George the Second	6	— 33
	202	461

From this table it appears, that in the four hundred and sixty-one years preceding the reign of King George the Third, there were two hundred and two Parliaments, whose average duration was two years and a quarter; and that in two hundred and ten years preceding the reign of Henry the Eighth, there were one hundred and forty-three Parliaments, averaging rather less than one year and a half each.

FASHION.

The Dandies, says a London newspaper, are bringing again into fashion *feather-bed neck-cloths* and *pillory capes*; and none of the “dear delightful creatures” can be seen out without stays, pinching the waist so tightly, that the unhappy wearer resembles an *hour-glass* in shape. Great coats, with a waist *an inch-and-a-half* long, are all the go; and the shirt-collars are long enough to go twice round the throat. In short, nothing can be too stiff at present; and every *lad* that goes into the world must have his neck tied up almost as tight as some *lads* that go out of it!

ST. SWITHIN'S DAY.

(Fifteenth of July.)

SWITHIN, in the Saxon *Swithum*, received his clerical tonsure, and put on the monastic habit, in the old monastery at Winchester. He was of noble parentage, and passed his youth in the study of grammar, philosophy, and the Scriptures. Swithin was promoted to holy orders by Helmstan, Bishop of Winchester, at whose death, in 852, King Ethelwolf granted him the see. In this he continued eleven years, and died in 863. Swithin desired that he might be buried in the open churchyard, and not in the chancel of the minster, as was usual with other bishops; and his request was complied with: but the monks, on his being canonized, considering it disgraceful for the saint to lie in a public cemetery, resolved to remove his body into the choir, which was to have been done with solemn procession on the 15th of July. It rained, however, so violently for forty days succeeding, that the design was abandoned as heretical and blasphemous; and they honoured his memory by erecting a chapel over his grave, at which many miraculous cures of all kinds are said to have been wrought. To the above rain of forty days belongs the origin of the old saying, “that if it rains on St. Swithin's, it will rain forty days following!”

It is not to be supposed that an occurrence so local as the exhumation of the remains of St. Swithin, (however the *miracle* of the rain might have been blazoned by the church,) could have obtained a celebrity so extensive and so durable as it is known to possess, if there were not some foundation in fact. It has very commonly happened, that an unquestionable physical truth has received the appendage of fable; and in this case, the explanation, which is false, is made to pass current by means of the fact, which is true. The proverb concerning St. Swithin's day, appears to stand in the predicament now described. It is probable, and it seems to be admitted, that if rain does fall in any given place, and in any great quantity, on the 15th of July, it will rain, *more or less*, at the same place, every day, for such a number of days as may well be *proverbially* reckoned at forty. In reality, rain, in the middle of July, in the climate of England, is seasonable, and therefore to be expected*. Further, neither rain or dry weather usually occur for single days only, but alternately for many days together. It follows, that if rain falls on any given day, it is *probable* (that is, it usually happens) that it will also fall for many days after. Thus, the St. Swithin's day is placed in this twofold natural situation. First, that it falls in a part of the summer which is usually rainy; and secondly, that if it is a rainy day, it is natural that it should be accompanied by many other rainy days. It remains only to observe, that a philosophical explanation of the *forty days' rain* of St. Swithin has been, in which the heat of the season is taken into

* This year it has not rained, in the neighbourhood of London, on the 15th of July, though it did rain a day or two before, but in a small quantity. Now, the want of rain is unseasonable and actually threatens injury, both with respect to the after-crop of grass, and to the still more important growth of turnips.

the account. St. Swithin's day falls in the *dog-days**; that is, in a time of great heat. Now it has been observed, that if a heavy rain falls upon the earth at this season, the heat is so great that the evaporation is exceedingly rapid. The water which has been thrown upon the earth rises rapidly in the form of a vapour; in the higher regions of the atmosphere it is condensed—it falls again—it is evaporated, or raised into the air again—it is condensed again—it falls again; and thus repeatedly, for many days, till the winds, or other changes in the atmosphere, carry the clouds to distant parts; or rather till the diminished heat of the season suffers the rain, when it has fallen, to sink into the earth.

KNOWLEDGE AND SCIENCE.

Polar Expedition.—A whaler, which has just arrived in England, states, that it fell in with the Polar Expedition in the first week in June, opposite to Magdalena Bay, on Spitzbergen, in lat. 79° 34' all well.

Ice Islands in the West Indies.—Large islands of ice have been recently seen in the West Indies. An extraordinary sensation was excited by the appearance of one of considerable magnitude in the neighbourhood of the Bahama Islands.—Let us take this opportunity of requesting that we may desist from our modern pedants of talking of *ice-bays*, and go back to our old term of *ice-islands*.

Philosophical Tea-pots and Fire-screens.—The difference that subsists in various bodies in *conducting* heat, has been known for a considerable time: the difference that takes place in various surfaces, in imbibing and discharging, as well as in reflecting it, has been ascertained but lately. From a polished metallic surface, it is found, that it is as feebly emitted as it is strongly reflected, while from other surfaces, such as glass, or paper, it is discharged with a profusion proportional to the reluctance with which, in the same kind of surface, it is imbibed. A variety of improvements in the practical management of heat. A vessel with a bright metallic surface must be the best fitted to preserve liquors warm, and also the best conservatory to keep them cold. A silver tea-pot will emit scarcely half as much heat as one of porcelain; and the slightest varnish of platina, gold, or silver, as applied to earthenware, is reckoned to render that kind of manufacture about one-third part more retentive of heat than it would be without it. On the other hand, metallic tea-kettles become more easily heated on the fire, when they have lost their polish, and their bottoms have become tarnished and smoked; and if any bright surface of metal be slightly furrowed, or divided by fine flatings, it will emit the heat very sensibly faster. In consequence of this doctrine, Professor Leslie says, a plate of metal, however thin,

* There are a certain number of days before and after the heliacal rising of Canicula, or the dog-star, in the morning, called the *dog-days* in modern almanacks, and occupy the time from July 3 to August 11; the name being applied now, as it was formerly, to the hottest time of the year.

if only burnished on each side, will form a most efficacious screen. A smooth sheet of pasteboard, gilt over on both sides, would, he adds, answer the same purpose: but what he suggests as most complete in efficacy and elegant in form, would be one composed of two parallel sheets of China paper, placed about an inch asunder, and having their inner surfaces and their outsides sprinkled with flowers of gold and silver.

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LORD PAGET'S MAXIMS.

IN a common-place book formerly belonging to William Lord Paget, and now in the possession of his descendant Lord Boston, are the following maxims:—

Fly the courte. Lerne to spare.
Speeke little. Spend in measure.
Care less. Care for home.
Devise nothing. Pray often.
Never earnest. Little better.
In answer cool. And dye well.

The noble writer was, successively, the confidant of Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth; and may be supposed to have steered his course with safety, through the dangerous commotions which agitated both Church and State in those eventful reigns, by strictly following the above maxims.

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THE ROSE AND SNAIL.

A FABLE.

(After the French.)

A Snail thus once address'd the Rose:—

"O fairest thou, and sweetest flow'r
Which Flora bids her charms disclose,
And shed her sweetness through the bow'r!

"Pardon, I pray, your humble slave,
(Pursued the Snail, with great respect,)
One only little fault you have,
Which you might easily correct.

"I mean those sharp and ugly thorns,
Which wound whoe'er approaches near;
Mar ev'ry beauty that adorns,
And each admirer fill with fear.

"Zephyr himself, your faithful lover,—
How new, how cruel, is his case!—
Dares only round your beauties hover,
And fears to meet your fond embrace!"
The poison caught:—the Rose consented,
And stripp'd herself of ev'ry thorn;
But, O! how soon must be repented
The error of that cruel morn!

The guardian thorn no sooner gone,
The Snail became, from humble, free;
Easy and impudent came on,
And mounted the defenceless tree.

There, quickly cankering every leaf,
Each flow'r and op'ning bud he ate;
And now the Rose perceiv'd with grief
Her error—but perceiv'd too late!

Her fragrance gone, her beauty blasted,
And fled her young and virgin pride,—
Her life was bitter while it lasted,
But soon she broke her heart—and died.

Ye fair, whom snail-like flatt'ers sue,
Mark what the awful moral shows!
Virtue is beauty's thorn in you,—
But, O! be wiser than the Rose.

B.

BALLAD.

(Written upon a circumstance that occurred at Buenos Ayres to a British Officer.)

Young Walter of Lawden left parents and friends,
Fair Ellen full oft to his bosom he prest;
To fight for his country his footsteps he bends,
For ardour and courage inspire his breast:
The kettle-drums rattle,
The foe is at hand,
Preparing for battle
To rescue their land.

In the heat of the action young Walter was seen,
Through the lines of the foe, 'midst the firing he past,

And, gaining the ramparts, undaunted his mien,
He hoisted the ensign of vict'ry at last!

The groans of the dying
Re-echo'd around;
Promiscuously lying,
They cover'd the ground.

But, oh! though this action of fame was achiev'd,
He was destin'd a victim of valour to fall;
In descending, a wound in his breast he receiv'd,
The aim was destructive, and mortal the ball.

His country bestrew'd
With laurel his grave,
His urn was bedew'd
With tears of the brave.

Fair Ellen sat waiting her lover's return,
Fame's trumpet the sound of his glory convey'd;
But, oh! with what anguish her bosom was torn,
When she heard that his life for the ransom had paid.—

"E'en Death shall not sever
Our union," she cried;
"We meet now for ever"—
Then sank down, and died.

M. D. F.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

BY THE LATE H. W. WEBER, ESQUIRE.

Sweep with a broom the merry world around,
Sweep all the dust and cobwebs from the ground;
Look in each corner, spy in every nook,
Through all the rubbish of creation look;
Search through the palace, through the lonely cot,
Friend Paris, leave no inch of ground forgot,—
'Twill cost you sure a dev'lish deal of labour,
Before you'll find a friend like

HENRY WEBER.

SONNET.

(Written on a fly leaf of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel.")

BY THE SAME.

Als trauernd stand, verlassen, die Romanze,
Von jener kalten rechterzunft verhöhnt;
Die nie der süßen Poesie gefröhnt:
Da sah ich plözlich, in erneuten glanze,
Ihr angesicht mit heiterkeit verschönt:
Sie hob die hand, geschmückt mit Lorbeerkränze,
Und nahte dem mit anmuthsvollem tanze,
Der die verlassne mit der welt versöhnt:
Und als die blätter seine stime schmückten,
Da öffnete sich ihr mund zur profezeiung,
Und froh auf ihn die altensänger blickten;
"Empfange froh die ehrenvollste weitaung,
Nicht weiter darf ich nun verlassen trauern,
Des LETZTEN SÄNGERS LIED wird ewig dauern!"

ANACREONTIC.

When Doctor Pump-Aqua came here,
A brim-full decanter stood by:
"Come, Doctor, partake of my cheer!"
But Galen replied, with a sigh,
"In vain, my dear friend, I exhort,
In vain send the draught and the pill;
I see that cursed bottle of port,
Ah, there is the fountain of ill!"

The next time he came, in a trice
I took the last chirruping cup;
"See, Doctor! I follow advice,
The fountain of ill is dried up!"

FILO-FABRONE.

ON THE DEATH OF MY WIFE,

WHO WAS SOMEWHAT QUERULOUS.

I cannot lament—tho' she's gone!
So great her objection's to life;—
To have something to ground them upon,
She became very early my wife.

In the most placid hours that we knew,
 She had always some woe to impart;
 Which she did with description most true,
 For grief was a balm to her heart.
 To behold the bright sun in the sky,
 If joy in my eyes was exprest,
 My pleasure she check'd with a sigh,
 And show'd me a cloud in the west.
 She is gone! and I hope the good dame
 Is sojourning now in the skies—
 Tho' I doubt she'll complain that she came
 To a place without sorrows or sighs!

FILO-FABRONE.

KISSES.

(NOT IN JOHANNES SECUNDUS.)

No—I will ne'er attempt those strains,
 Which dare to paint a lover's bliss;
 The luscious meed of amorous pains
 I mean—a warm and mutual kiss!
 The kiss y-cleped conjugal,
 When folks together meet for gold—
 The act is then so very cold,
 That tho' my powers of rhyme are small,
 I yet might give it praises due,
 And critics own my colours true.
 Of kisses filial I could write—
 They are not things of so much fire;
 Nor will poetic force require
 To paint the infinite delight,
 When little master and young miss,
 Upon some Whitsun holyday,
 Stand very patient for a kiss,
 'Till mamma wipes her snuff away.
 Ah! let me save my powers of style,
 'Till from the banks of gentle Isis,
 By the Prime Minister's commands,
 I go to Court—to sing how nice is—
 How great the joy—of kissing hands!

FILO-FABRONE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must recur to a determination which we formerly made and expressed, not to undertake the giving answers to each particular Correspondent. It not unfrequently happens, that we cannot give such an answer as is due without employing many words, and a short unexplanatory answer must often be worse than none at all. Those who do us the honour to make communications to us, must leave it to us to make such use of them, and at such time, as we think proper. At present, the degree of attention which we give to our Correspondents constitutes the most heavy, and often the most embarrassing part of our labour; and the burden increases upon us every week. Some Correspondents would even impose upon us the task of returning their communications, "if not approved of!" They forget that every request of this kind is a demand upon our time, and what is even worse, upon our attention!

We are, in an especial manner, in arrear with our poetical Correspondents, and shall do our utmost toward a speedy discharge of our obligations. "A Student's Recreations, No. VII," at an early opportunity.

The Old Bachelor in Kent, in reply to SARAH SINGLE, is something too homely; and, though we must suppose that he is ironical, he has much the appearance of being serious.

CANTAB must allow that the insertion of his ingenious Letter would have an air of levity not to be approved of. The former writer was only frivolous; his supplement would seem an indecorum.

The "Account of the Opas-tree" will be resumed in our next.

"Letters from North Wales, No. III," in our next.

On the subject of the pronunciation of the name of "Dolgelly," we have received a Letter from "A Native of South Wales," who says that he has always called it "Dolgelty."

"On Universal Suffrage" in our next.

"General History and Detail of all the Plans that have been proposed for a Reform of Parliament," in our next and succeeding Numbers.

Sir FRANCIS BURDETT's Plan of "General Suffrage" in our next.

C. D. informs us that the Tale of "Aye and No," printed in our First Number as Dr. Arbuthnot's, is printed as Gay's, at p. 144, vol. i. of Cooke's edition of the works of that poet.

EDMUND inquires our reason for discontinuing the "Theatrical Recorder." We were always doubtful of its interest, and we found that several of our readers thought it without value.

We shall probably take some notice of the work mentioned by a Correspondent whose letter we have mislaid; and we shall be happy to hear from him on any occasion.

CHARLES CŒLEBS is received.

Communications very usually reach us too late to allow of our even acknowledging the receipt of them in our Paper of the same week. Wednesday morning is the latest period at which we make any additions to our pages.

In our last, p. 244, col. 1, for "amidst Sombre, and extensive," read "amidst sombre and extensive;" col. 3, l. 56, for "biassed," read "strained;" p. 251, col. 3, for "Palpay," read "Pilpay;" p. 253, the stanzas beginning

"'Tis not the bolt, the bar, the cell,"

should have been placed under the head of "Early English Poetry," p. 251; p. 254, col. 1, l. 17, for "levies," read "lèvres;" col. 2, l. 2, for "art," read "wit."

Readers having friends abroad should be apprised, that our unstamped Paper may be sent, free of difficulty and expense, to the East and West Indies. It is known to be otherwise with Newspapers.

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